

RACING AT WASHINGTON.

HOW NEW-YORK TURFMEN WHILED AWAY
THE TIME.

HONOR GIDEONIC AMUSEMENTS—COL. DANIELS'S
TROUBLE—PHIL DWYER LOOKING
AT THE MOON.

Racing at Washington. Well! well! The city of magnificent distances and wheels. Everything is on wheels—men, women, children and dogs. "Jimmy" Howe saw a dog riding a wheel up Pennsylvania Avenue. Mr. Belmont always said that Howe had good eyes. Girls in long shirts and boys in trousers went to the races on wheels. Bennington is on the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad, ten minutes from the Pennsylvania Station. John Hyland and President Grant used to drive out there twenty years ago to see the sport. John was there during the recent meeting with some of Signor Gideon's horses, and he secured a fair share of the spills. Signor Gideon (aka "EA" Keeney) about the Signor's debut at Ponce de Leon last winter, had been wearing his own colors for three months, hence the nickname of "Blue" which Philip Dwyer bestowed upon him, but when Hyland started home on Wednesday, he is far the best guard in Harvard College today, and it was only a question of his getting off probation whether he would play or not. He is undoubtedly the only man in Hellefond who is a six-foot one and a half inches tall, and weighs 155 pounds. He played guard on his freshman eleven last year.

This signified that the stable had gone into winter quarters, and that the worst uncle a man can have had disappeared from Signor Gideon's neck. Signor Gideon must be seen away from home to be fully understood and appreciated. He was a great man in the National Capital, as Colonel Daniels will testify. Colonel Daniels is a man of veracity. He owns a large farm in New-Jersey when the tide is out, sways by Goodacre and is a friend of Archie Bliss, signor Gideon's boy at Alburgh or the National school that of the President on more than one occasion, and the attention of the audience was about equally divided between the two. With the Signor were the first night of "The Taw and the Tartar" were John Kelly, Philip Dwyer, a young man known in Fifteenth-st., as "Lunast," and Samuel Rork, stockholder and manager. The President sat under the National flag on the other side of the house. Signor Gideon had Digby Bell at the races in the afternoon, and with John Kelly's assistance he met him on Seaview. Digby had his revenge by informing the audience (the largest Monday-night audience of the entire week) that he had a pocketful of senior tickets, and from that time forward wanted no more tips from Signor Gideon or Kelly. This announcement almost broke up the show. Bell worked hard the next three days, and finally got even on the meeting. Kent, of "All the Comforts of Home," must have gone home a bigger winner—away up in the picture cards. It was a hard job to keep Mr. Dwyer in a box for more than one act, unless there was a singing match on the programme. His tastes do not turn to opera of the Minnie Hawk school, nor to melodrama. When not presiding behind the scenes at the Globe Theatre he was spending the evening with Senator Montgomery, looking at the moon through a telescope. This invariably kept him out late, as the weather was fine for astronomical observations. There was no blood on the moon. It was only a mahogany hue. Colonel Daniels is as fond of astronomy. The only thing on earth that worries him is the National debt. Amos Cummings has promised to do everything in his power this winter to straighten out this little affair, so the Colonel ("You, stink so rough") is getting some sleep these nights.

The drive to Bennington is by way of the Capitol and Maryland Avenue, just half an hour from the Shoreham, where "Johnny" Devine officiates and all the "boys" live on the fat of the land. The Shoreham is Levi P. Morton's new hotel, and the Vice-President may be seen in the smoking-room almost any morning looking after the rents. Mr. Morton's home is at the Scott Circle. Signor Gideon occupied a suite at the Shoreham, had cost him \$50 a minute—a mere bagatelle to the owner of His Highness. John Kelly had a snug corner in one of the rooms and his familiar "How bout it?" soon became known all over the city. Mr. Kelly held his own at the track, and elsewhere, and before he left Washington invested a small part of his fortune in shingles. All his friends hope to hear that the speculation will end happily. Henry Stedeker tried to beat 'em on the outside and did his best to get even at Boston, but all the games were against him. Then he went on the box and made books, and even that went against him. Poor Henry! He returns to New York a sadler if not a wiser man, and is now ready to lay 1 to 9 against anything that starts in the suburban of 1892. He is only \$2,000 ahead of the season. "The Thompson, Riley, Conner and the rest of the boys hated to leave Washington. They had lots of fun, and owned the town from Cabin John Bridge to the Eastern Branch. H. Clay Ditmas was the most popular man behind the track, but he won't be again. He has had enough, and knows where to quit. He is no hog. He lost \$500 a day, but drove a fast trotter all the time. What is \$500 to Henry Clay Ditmas? He has entered Dunboyne in the thoroughbred class in the horse show and is happy. Dunboyne, by Uncle Frey, has grown into a fine-looking stallion. The writer does not feel his heart warm toward the old racing, who cost him a large part of his week's salary whenever he started in a race. Mr. Ditmas's many friends, who wanted to spend another week in Washington, were sorry that he did not continue to lose \$500 a day for ten days more. The weather was superb, and the meeting should have been continued. The track is one of the best, one of the fastest and safest in America. Trainers and owners like it. The racing was all-right—except when "Buzzard" took the stand—and the starting was up to scratch. The standard was high, and the fast standard caused no little commotion, but he meant well and is retired for the winter. "Jimmy" Howe is all right. He started the horses for \$100 a day all too well, \$600 a night as his part of the game. Wayne, with a dimension, still chirps. Samson is getting rich of "The Taw and the Tartar," with "Buck" Thompson as an aide-de-camp, and Howe is on the "monarchs" highway with "Wing."

Frank Clarke looked in at Bennington, but had no courage to go over to New-York and Vital spark. Colonel Daniels took him in tow, and the result was that Clarke left town the next day. The Colonel still chirps. "But, oh, what a dimwit in the morning," and takes off at half past two.

"Billy" Archell broke up the meeting. Sam Dwyer, when he saw W. J. with his gun—"Don't shoot me, I'll come down." The breaking up required but two days and W. J. took his gun and left. No word from the Governor. Gentlemen Morris, Inspector David Morris, and Colonel Charles E. Coddington, who bet on Fasig-Tipton, are in Washington to hear the letter argument before the Supreme Court. He is going to 2 to 1 offered that the week to try his earing. He has only fifty-eight. Phil Dwyer thinks that Mr. Morris has a chance to win some of the early spring two-year-old races.

THE HARVARD ELEVEN.

MEN WHO WILL PLAY AGAINST YALE—STRONG AND WEAK POINTS OF THE TEAM.

Cambridge, Nov. 13 (Special).—Now that Corbett, Mackie and Waters have taken up of practice, Coaches Cummins and Adams and Captain Trafford have made up the Harvard eleven as it will play against Yale on November 21. First and foremost in the eleven comes "Hornie" Trafford, the captain of the team. Trafford is probably the best known full-back in this country. Before coming to Harvard he was full-back on the Exeter team for a year, and the instant he entered Harvard he was made full-back of the Harvard University eleven—a position he has held ever since. Trafford is the best drop-kicker in America, a fine punter and a man who never loses his head. Last year he indulged in a great deal more kicking and punting in the Springfield game than the year before, and is likely to do it this year. "Hornie" is a brother of the famous Perry Trafford, '89, president of his class and guard on the eleven, and is himself president of his class of '92.

Everett Lake, the well-known half-back, is a Worcester Technology man and played on their team several years before entering the class of '92 at Harvard, with which class he graduates this year. He is an ideal half-back, weighing 180 pounds and being able to gain 40 ft. from his weight and his agility as a runner. He is not quite so fast a runner as "Jim" Lee, but is a much greater ground gainer, for he can often gain five or ten yards with several men clinging to his shoulders and hindering his back. If Lake were to be hurt in the game, it would be a great blow to Harvard.

John Corbett, the confederate of Lake at half-back, is as well known a player. He is a 194 man, and before entering college was captain and a full-back of the Cambridge High School team. Last year he played half-back on the university team in the Springfield contest, and it was a brilliant game that he put up. It is well known how Corbett, together with Mackie and Waters, has been recently put off probation and allowed to play against Yale. He certainly strengthens the team greatly, for in addition to his having good qualities as a full-back, he is a highly good guard and thus an assistance to Trafford.

Gage, the quarter-back, is a 194 man, and is rather

new to the position. It seemed to be nipp and tuck between Gage and Cobb for a long while as to which would get the place—Burges was inferior to both—but Gage is much quicker at getting the ball into play, uses his head more and watches out for openings better than Cobb. But Gage is by no means perfect, and is in measurable the inferior of Deane, the quarter-back of last year's team.

When one glances at the rush-line itself one sees some old familiar faces, but more new ones. Frank Hollowell '95, so right and fast in Ideal Model, and is sure to give either Hinckley or Hartwell (whichever one of these Yale worthies Captain McClung decides to play against) Hollowell more than enough to do. Hollowell is strong, alert, a clean and sure tackler, and uses his head more than any other man on the team. Next to Hollowell will be Marshall Newell '94, another veteran player. Newell had the distinction last year of being pronounced by all football critics as by far the finest player on the Harvard eleven, and he has not deteriorated much this year. Like Trafford, he played on the Exeter eleven before coming to Harvard. He is a sure tackler and good blocker-off, although at times slow in getting through.

Though the rest of the line are all new men on the university team, one or two of them are excellent players. Next to Newell comes Mackie '94, at right guard. Mackie is by far the best guard in Harvard College today, and it was only a question of his getting off probation whether he would play or not. He is undoubtedly the only man in Hellefond who is a six-foot one and a half inches tall, and weighs 155 pounds. He played guard on his freshman eleven last year.

Ganges '95, the man who was greatest in all probability, was graduated last year, VI, and played center on the second eleven all through the fall against Cranston. He is not so good a man as Hartward could wish for at centre, as he is in getting the ball back and in getting through, but in the end he did handle the remarkable Hellefond.

Sam Dexter, L. S. of the class of '90, is to be put at left guard against Stanley Morrison. It is just here that Harvard men have the most fear. Dexter is a good man and a good player, but he has not known the game as well as Vail '93, his rival.

Waters '94, the man who was put on probation, was graduated last year and played on the eleven, though he was only a qualified player, but left-tackle, but is the best man that can be got, for he is very strong and a good man for the scrimmages.

Emmons '95, is at left end. Emmons is a Groton school man, and played on his school team several times, taking the ball back and getting through, but he, unfortunately, is liable to get rattled.

So much for the eleven which will line up against Yale. The substitutes are good, and are of great value, but the coaches are not. Captain McClung, for instance, is a good man, but he is not so good a man as Hartward could wish for at centre, as he is in getting the ball back and in getting through, but in the end he did handle the remarkable Hellefond.

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